## THE ROOF OF THE WORLD.

A JOURNEY IN ASIA.

THROUGH THE HEART OF ASIA, OVER THE PAMIR TO INDIA. By Gabriel Bonvalot. With 250 illustrations by Albert Pepin. Two volumes. Imp. 8vo, pp. xxii, 281-x, 255: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

In the years 1880-1882 Messrs, Bonvalot and Capus travelled extensively in Central Asia. Starting from Moscow they entered Turkestan from the Siberian frontier, traversed part of Bokhara, explored the mountains of Konistan, and the Tchatral, and on their return, starting from Tashkend, visited Samascand, Bokhara, and Tehardjui, descended the Amm, stopped at Khiva, and finally crossed the desert of Ust-Urt, in the middle of winter. The narrative of these travels was subsequently published in two volumes, and the blic showed so much interest in the work that the travellers, incited doubtless by their own inclinations likewise, determined to make another expedition, in which the region south of the Oxus should be explored. Their original purpose was to cross Afghanistan into India, but in this they reckoned without the Afghans, who took it upon themselves to alter the itinerary. The travellers started from Batoum, crossed the Caucasus by rail, then took horse and skirted the Caspian, gradually from Reshd, striking further inland, but keeping between the coast and the great salt desert after leaving Teheran. Thence ey made their way to Meshed, Sarakha, and Mew, coming in contact with the Russians, who treated them hospitably, and with whose progress in pacitying and civilizing the region so recently barried by the Tekke Turcomans-now the most peaceable and industrious of people-they were much impressed.

An attempt to enter Afghanistan encountered a check on the threshold. They were stopped at once and detained until orders could be obtained from Ishak Khan, the chief who subsequently revolted against Abdur-Rahman Khan. After a tedious detention, which the Frenchmen endeavored to lighten in all possible ways, orders arrived for the expulsion of the party. This was done courteously, but peremptorily, and then, after considerable discussion with their Russian friends, the travellers determined to attempt the crossing of the Pamir, though many persons declared the journey impracticable on account of the snow. They were not to be deterred, however, and having obtained guides who were familiar with the great plateau and the difficult approaches to it, and provided an amount of warm clothing, provisions, etc., sufficient apparently for an Arctic voyage, they proceeded to the further end of Ferghana, and made the small foot-hill town of Osch their point of departure. Thenceforward difficulties accumulated. The crossing of the Alai Mountains and the Alai plateau was enough to have taken the heart out of less resolute adventurers. They had to struggle day after day through snow often more than six feet deep in the shallowest places; where horses and men were continually plunging into fathomless drifts, from which they had to be hauled or dug out; where the cold was so intense that more than once the mercury froze; where, because of the low temperature, it was hard to get food cocked properly. and where the least exposure of cheeks, nose, lips or hands to the air was followed by frostbite or blisters or peeling away of the skin.

The climate was amazing. Sometimes the mercury would show 100 degrees in the sun, and several degrees below zero in the shade at the same time. The blinding glare of the snow seriously affected the eyes of nearly all the party, notwithstanding the constant use of colored spectucles. After making an elevation of ten thousand feet above the sea level the severe exertion of wading through the snow and climbing was attended with pulmonary pains. Several had hemorrhages, all had splitting headaches; they suffered from parching thirst, which could not be quenched by cating snow. Presently the horses began to give out, and many of the poor animals had to be abandoned. The Kirghiz whom the travellers had engaged to cut and beat paths through the Alai soon had more than enough of the severe labor, and these who were with the pack-horses showed some national traits by slyly dropping sacks of barley and other provisions along the route, of course, with the intention of recovering and appropriating the plunder later. Everything, even to wood for fuel, had to be carried, for not until the Pamir was reached which consists of sheep "chips" of the kind provided by the buffalo of our Western plains (when the buffalo still existed).

The cold was bitter. Through the narrow, rocky passes up which they were struggling the wind rushed as with a conscious hostile purpose, and when the snow fell, too, the situation was as exasperating and almost as disheartening as can be imagined. But though the Kirghiz formed a plot to abandon the expedition, and but for a fortunate espionage might have carried it out, the explorers refused to hear of stopping, and the strong European wills, backed by repeating rifles and revolvers, inevitably carried the day. The Pamir was at last reached, and while this was really only the beginning of the journey, it was regarded as assuring success to the expedition. Of course there was the usual trouble with guides and natives of all sorts. The Pamir is a desolate region generally, but it is doubtful whether its loneliest parts are not preferable to those which are inhabited; for, according to M. Bonvalot, it is a kind of Asiatic Alsatia, or No-Man's Land, where all the desperadoes and fugitive criminals from Afghanistan, Bokhara, Kashgaria, China, the Taldik and elsewhere, are in the habit of resorting, as to a country where no sheriff's writ or king's or emir's mandate runs. These tough characters have a regular scale of treatment for travellers. If the latter are weak, they are murdered. If they are strong, they are (if possible) blackmailed. The staple recourse is to pretend that some neighboring ruler puts a veto upon the advance of the travellers; or that they must halt until instructions are received from the said ruler. M. Bonyalot usually adopted the practical course of paying as little attention as possible to their If it was convenient for him to halt a day or two, he halted. If he did not find it esirable to halt, he went on.

He of course avoided open quarrels as care fully as possible, but when he wanted Yak men to carry his baggage, and the Kirghiz would not hire them to him, he sometimes "requisitioned" them after the practice familiar in our time, and he always made the semi-savages he met understand that if they pressed him too hard he was ready and able to fight. In reading his narrative of the passage of the Pamir, one can but wonder whether the region has had the same evil reputation during all the ages it has been a neutral land between India, China, Thibet and the Khanates. Exploration of the Pamir, or "Roof of the World," as the natives have named it, carries us very far The most famous of pilgrims, the Chinese Hieven Thsang, traversed this elevated region in the seventh century of our era. Marco Polo was there in the thirteenth century, and relates how be, his uncle and his father journeyed on horseback twelve days, and on all this route found neither men nor habitations nor lackeys, so that everything had to be carried by those who travelled. In this respect, at all events, no change has come upon the Pamir. In the beginning of the seventeenth century a Roman Catholic missionary, Father Benedict Goes, crossed the " Roof of the World," and probably by the same route as Hioven Theang. After that two centuries passed before another European set foot Pamir In 1838 an Enghman, Lieutenant Wood, explored a part of it, and since then many expeditions and single travellers have crossed it in various directions-Hayward, the Greek Potagos, several Russians, ly, Fedtchenko, Kostenko, Monchketoff, Sev-Ochania, together with the German Schwartz, Bousdorf, etc. When the Arabs became masters of the Lis, they discouraged its use as a crossing-place, favoring the lower and easier

years ago, it was infested as now by fugitives, desperadoes and lawless savage tribes, and very probably its later and worse condition only improved when the merchants and traders forsook the difficult route-gladly enough, no doubt, even

if it possessed only its native terrors. M. Bonvalot and his party suffered much from cold and fatigue, but they were never in danger of starvation, nor did their supplies of protective clothing fail them. On the whole, it must be considered that they made the journey under the most favorable conditions possible, and if, therefore, they be concluded that for less thoroughly equipped They embrace several papers which rather belong found it so trying an undertaking, it may fairly least, at the time of year chosen by these ex-plorers. The askal, or mountain sheep, a slender animal more resembling the gazelle family than the sheep of our Western territories, and very timid and agile, rarely afforded the party a meal of fresh meat. The sheep driven up into the Pamir during the summer must be a peculiarly puny breed, for M. Bonvalot states that one of he does not say so-no more than seven or eight and there the dramatic form is employed with considthem weighed-when flayed, we presume, though pounds; that is, the weight of a moderate sized erable skill. The first story, "A Shocking Example," leg of American mutton. As to the yaks, they suffers from the undue distention of a normally appear to be of little utility, unless they are regarded, in our traveller's phrase, as "tinned beef vitality to a crisp sketch of half a dozen pages, but They are too weak in winter to carry

appear to be of little utility, unless taby garded, in our traveller's phrase, as "tinned beef on legs." They are too weak in winter to carry burdens, and the best that can be said of them is that they endure severe cold well, as with their enormous shaggy coats they certainly ought to. There are also hares on one of the Pamirs (for the plateau is divided by comparatively low ranges of hills into several parts), but it does not appear that this party caught any of them, though one was seen. Beyond this scanty fauna, the whole elevated region is barren of life, save when the Kirghiz shepherd cut-throats enliven it with their uosavory, if picturesque, nourts.

An attempt was made to stop and turn back the expedition by some Chinese, who, as usual, pretended orders from their authorities, but M. Bonvalot and his companions had learned by this time that their only hope of success lay in pushing forward, and, despite several involuntary halts, they finally got across the Pamir and began to descend on the side of India. The extreme difficulties of the travel had so exhausted both men and animals, and the time consumed had so exceeded all estimates that on approaching the British possessions the travellers found themselves not far from destitution. This temporary poverty was against them in their intercourse with the people, moreover, for these latter appeared to gauge the importance of all "Feringhes" by the supply of trupees they could muster. Fortunately a letter sent on by M. Bonvalot to the Governor General received a prompt and cordial response, and with the answer to it came a timely bag of rupees, which removed the most serious difficulties. Once in India, hardship was at an end, and generous hospitality smoothed the path of the thread to be a supply of trupees and were such as to try the stopped of the path of the thread in the proposes of the path of the proposes of the

the Central Asian region, which, though plentifully written about, cannot as yet be said to be at all thoroughly known. The volumes are illustrated profusely, and a considerable proportion of the engravings are spirited and carefully executed. The translation appears to be faithful, and is certainly in good English. An index adds to the permanent value of the work, and it is also furnished with a good route, man.

NOVELS AND TALES.

BRET HARTE'S NEW STORY.

CRESSY. By Bret Harte. 16mo, pp. 290. Boston: Houghton, Millin & Co. LASTCHANCE JUNCTION. FAR, FAR WEST. By the author of Cape Cod Folks. 12mo, pp. 258, Boston: Cupples & Hurd. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.

COMMODORE JUNK. By G. Manville Fenn. 12mo, pp. 347. Cassoll & Co.

A SHOCKING EXAMPLE, AND OTHER SKETCHES. By Frances Courtenay Baylor. 12mo, pp. 364. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

There is some very good work in Bret Harte's story. It contains a curious and careful study of a type of frontier character, which, though often introduced in fiction before, has never been more subtly and effectively analyzed. In the description of rnia scenery and camp and mining-town life Mr. Harte continues to be without an equal and it is a long time since a prettier picture than that of the old school-house in the clearing has been drawn. This and the quaint scenes of school life, with the acute be carried, for not until the Pamir was reached uld they hope to find the fuel of the region, the defineations of childish ways and tendencies, are quite defineations of childish ways and tendencies, are quite fresh and in an unaccustomed manner; but the tinetly original and strongly marked conceptions. Hiram M'Kinstry, the Southern-born squatter, who lives in a perpetual feud with another family of squatters, the enemies fighting flercely over land to which neither party has the shadow of a title: Mrs. M'Kinstry, the strangely unsexed frontier-bred woman, who cherishes the family fouds even more bitterly and implacably than her husband, and almost willingly offers up her kith and kin upon the altar of blood-revenge; Cressy herself, the beautiful, wild, ignorant, passionate, self-sacrificing creature who deliberately kills out her strong yearnings after a fuller life than she can hope for in her proper circleeach and all of these teems with individualism, and is true to nature in some of her strongest and most difficult moods.

Ford, the schoolmaster, with his fickleness, his recklessness of consequences, and his controlling selfishness, is a type this author is fond of reproducing ; natural no doubt, but not sympathetic, and here rather o obviously employed as a foil to Cressy. indeed, comes and goes unknown. Neither his anteedents nor his future are disclosed. All that is seen of him is that he loses two women, and plainly deserves to have lost them. Dabney, or Daubigny, the old miner who begins by passing for a simpleton and ends by blossoming out as a millionaire, is less real than any of the other characters. There have been and still are plenty who resemble him as he first appears; but then such people in actual life generally end where they began; they do not develop into rich men. Mr. Harie has exploited the California small boy of the mining village species with fortunate boldness, and this is a particularly interesting element in "Cressy." There is an unfinished appearance about the story, however, which is rather vexatious. But for this we should be inclined to rank "Cressy" as the strongest of this writer's long stories, and even with this defect we are not sure that ft does not deserve that estimate.

has made an experiment which we should not advise her to repeat. The admirers of "Cape Cod Folks" and her other photographic studies of New-England society manners, customs and ways of life and thought will thought themselves familiar in this queer and crude The reader is taken into scenes and circles with which it is evident that the author has absoutely no direct acquaintance. The difference between observation and imagination was never more sharply illustrated, and it is made painfully apparent that the imagination here is anything but vigorous. There is no realism in the attempted pictures of far Western No life in the far West was ever at all like these fanciful representations. There is plenty of crime and wickedness, but it is not the right kind. As to the dialogue, it is wildly impossible. No matter how bad the characters are, there is about all of them something which suggests a course at a young ladies' seminary. It is not, as Mrs. M'Lean appears to think, usual for murderers, brigands and outlaws to take palatial mansions on "Nob Hill" in San Francisco, and keep up a "sound of reveiry by night" for weeks together, while employing the flaylight hours in variegated crime. Neither can such a story as that of Lucie Dorne, the high-bred young Downcaster who fell in love with a bold bad cowboy at first sight, and runs away with him to her lasting unhappiness, be of the most useful character. Snobomish, the saint, would be a much more edifying person if, instead of permitting a far-Western colloquialism, "jumped upon" that dis-creditable relative, and pulverized him. But there is altogether too much false sentiment in the story, which indeed is artificial and untrue to nature and art from ginning to end. By all means let the author give us as many more "Cape Cod Folks" as she pleases, but no more excursions in the fashion of "Lastchance

Mr. Fenn has written rather a weak and childish novel in "Commodore Junk." It appears to be an at-tempt to fellow Mr. Besant's models, but, if so, it is a conspicuous failure. "Commodore Junk" is an im-possible Devonshire fisher-lass who through possible routes, which they could protect and watch over a series of equally impossible adventures better. It is scarcely possible that when it was become a pirate king, so to speck, for donning

the route of such commerce as existed a thousand masculine habiliments she takes the place of a not unseasonably hanged brother, and carries havoc and terror along the African coast and as far as Central America. The way in which this young person performs a sort of nautical adaptation of Lady Macboth and "She-who-must-be-obeyed" rolled into one may excite envy among the authors of dime novels, but with all its ingenuity it cannot be regarded as conducive to the progress of art. This story, moreover, is doubly defective. If its action is fantastic and in-oredible, its dialogue is flat and stupid to exaspera-tion. Mr. Fenn has done so much better work than this that such a flasco is the less tolerable at his hards.

The fifteen short stories and sketches in this volof Miss Baylor's cover a good range of subjects. the essay class than to that of short stories; or to that stories, at least as regards American authors; but we are inclined to think that Miss Baylor's novels are decidedly better than her sketches. In the latter she sometimes comes perflously near heaviness; a fault never to be observed in her novels, which are indeed peculiarly bright, lively and nimble. The livellest paper in this volume is that entitled "Our Organist," almost too tenuous: The want of proportion between almost too tenuous: The want of proportion between the importance of the denouement and the processes which lead up to it is noticeable in more than one of these sketches. One of the most interesting papers is that entitled "In and Around a Despatch-Box," which appears to have furnished the opportunity for publishing fragments of a genuine old correspondence, containing many quaint and curious reminiscences of taining many quaint and curious reminiscences of colonial times and manners. In "Craddock's Heldest" there is a parallelism with one of Thackeray's papers, which, of course, is merely due to similarity of subject. As a whole the volume will be found sufficiently interesting and lighted up by flashes of keen and quick observation.

## ABOUT BOOKS AND WRITERS.

Margaret Deland did not attain the art of successful novel-writing through tentative efforts in fiction; she never even wrote a short story until after she put "John Ward" on paper. writing a new novel. In spite of the apparent unorthodox tendencies of "John Ward," Mrs. Deland remains herself a stout churchwoman.

Lloyd S. Brice has written a new novel, which Brentano will soon publish under the title of "The Romance of an Alter Ego."

The documents relating to the United States which Mr. John Durand found in his researches among the French achives will soon be published in a volume by Holt & Co. Many episodes of the American Revolution are made clear therein.

The Scotch songs which Mrs. Rives-Chanler contributes to "Harper" are not good enough to atone for their dialect; and their dialect is not accurate enough to carry their poetical unimportance. Mrs. Chanler's gropings for her "forte" are interesting in a way, but they are not literature. Mr. George Moore declares that he intends to

avenge himself upon the American publishers who brought out an "unauthorized second edition" of his "Confessions of a Young Man"; and to that end he is going to publish here an edition of his own, containing sixty pages of fresh matter. In the preparation of these pages an Anerican friend collaborates with him, and this will secure an American copyright. It is much to be feared that Mr. Moore will find, when his edition comes out, that the American market has already had all it wanted of his book

Mr. Clark Russell has long been a suffering cripple from rheumatism. He has tried all sorts of remedies -even a long voyage to the Cape-and has at last found relief at an English therapoutic establishment, where the pine treatment is given. Here the sufferer inhales, swallows, bathes in, and is rubbed with the

It is vehemently stated by "The Atlanta Constitutions that no Southern Congressman of intelligence s opposed to the international copyright bill. about the unintelligent Congressmen, both Northern and Southern !

"The Romance of a Shop" is the title of a novel which Cupples & Hurd are about to publish. It is the work of Miss Amy Levy, an English Hebrew, a pfetty, gentle brunette of twenty-five. She was student of Newnham College, where she is said to have distinguished herself by wearing wondrous aesthetic dresses, and still more by writing some charming translations of Heine and original poems. Soon after leaving colleges her father suffered some serious money losses, and she determined to carn her living by writing. Besides poems, she has contributed many short stories to "Temple Bar" and other magazines.

A new writer, Mr. Harry "The Atlantic" with a clever story having a clever title, "The Gift of Fern-Seed." The little plot is worked out with unusual artistic power, and the sense of intense life of the spirit deprived of its corporeal envelope by a dose of "fern seed" is admirably conveyed.

Rosamund Oliphant, the widow of Laure Oliphant, will continue her husband's work at Haifa, and will be assisted by two Scotchmen, who have become converted to "Scientific Religion."

It appears from Miss Wheeler's portrait of Mrs. F. H. Burnett, published in "The Literary News," that the latter lady is a dark eyed person about eighteen years old.

Full of the freshness and sweetness of summer, wood and field and stream is "Coridon's Song," in the ever-dear and winsome "Angler" of old Walton. Hugh Thompson has put into his drawings for "The English Illustrated Magazine" all the most attractive spirit of the song and its period.

The scene of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's next novel is said to shift from London to the South Seas. He is thinking of calling it "The Gaol-Bird," and he will publish it in the autumn,

Mrs. Mona Caird, the originator of the crazy question, "Is Marriage a Failure!" has edited, with Mr. Oscar Wilde, a curious little book of sketches. A friend of Mr. Wilde's, while this question was raging in "The Telegraph," amused himself by making imaginary sketches of the writers of the published letters; these now form an amusing collection, and a few of Mr. Wilde's epigrams are added. A copy of the first American edition of Robert

Burns's poems, bearing the autograph and book-plate of Washington, has just been sold in Chicago Miss Margaret Lee, the author of the novel " Paith-

ful or Unfaithful," which Mr. Gladstone has been writing about, is a sister-in-law of Mr. Alfred Brennan, the artist.

From The Philadelphia Press. A young lady recently wrote to a leading magazine to make the following very liberal proposition:

Dear Sir: If you wish I will write a Novel similar in size as "the quick and the Dead," to rival Miss Rives, for February numbers of your magazine the title to be "Love or passion!" with the understanding that it shall be published under the non de plume of "Yam." If you wish I will send my picture for the frontispiece also to be called "Yam." Also according to the terms under which Miss Rives had her Novel published.

If my offer is accepted let me know immediately. Sincerefy yours, etc.

I don't know how many people there are in the sountry who have dramas lying already written in heir bureaus, but the publication of "Herod and darlanne" brought down upon us an avalanche of ragedies, rhymed and unrhymed. In many cases the authors were kind enough to inform us that their production was far superior to Miss Rives'. This, noted, is a common habit with amateur magazinists to inform the editor of the comparative merits of hele convigingtions.

indeed, is a common habit with amateur magazinists of their contributions.

"It may not be very good," they say (the sly dogs, they know only too well how highly they value it), but, at all events, it is equal, if not superior, to some of the milk and water stuff that you publish in your magazine." Or: "Whatever the merits of this article, I am sure it is not vanify to say that it is better than the dreary platitudes of Howells and James." Or: "You must not expect a 'David Copperfield' or a 'Vanity Fair'; yet, in spite of the many imperfections of this story, you will parton my egotism if I flatter myself that I can cater to the reading public of our generation."

The great majority of contributors accept defeat gracefully enough—that is, in silence. But some of them will not die without making a sign. The letter of declination is occasionally returned to the editorial office with the words "Chestmuts" or "Rats" acrawled across it, and occasionally the editor zets a vigorous bit of secloling. A lady informed him that it was not necessary that he should assure her that the rejection of a Ms. did not imply a want of literary merit. Another drew herself up indignantly and repudiated any implied compliment in the storeotyped phrase by saying that she knew very well-her manuscript did not lack literary merit, and that she edidn't have to be reminded of it. Sometines, but very seldom, the protests from the rejected take the form of personal abuse. In letters of this sort the editor has seen himself described as "sour," "mole-eyed," "indifferent to the higher reaches of the intelligent," duil" and "Ignorant."

MUSIC IN LEIPSIC.

CONSERVATISM AND ITS CONSEQUENCES—
ITERR NIKISCH.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

Lelpsic, January 22.

The Boston orchestra that has secured Mr. Arthur Nikisch, of Leipsic, as its conductor for the next three sensons has obtained one of the ablest and most progressive conductors in Germany to-day. The Boston management, however, will not by any means receive the thanks of the really musical people of Leipsic; for when Mr. Nikisch leaves this city for the New World he will take away one of the strongest influences that have away one of the strongest influences that have kept the city in touch with the onward movement of modern art. Mr. Nikisch, in his capacity as enductor of the Leipsic City Theatre, has maintained it among the first three or four opera houses in Germany; and by his activity here as well as by his zeal in forwarding the progressive aims of the Lisztzerein, he has been a powerful stimulus in the midst of the crusty conservatism that pervades this ancient music city.

The truth is that the real importance of Leipsie a

a musical centre is viewed in America in something of a historical light that is not by any means in accordance with the facts of to-day. Undoubtedly Leipsic, though but a small provincial city of Saxony, has had a pre-eminent name in musical matters for nearly two centuries. The old Thomas school and its cantor, who was always a distin guished musician of the day, Bach, whose best activities were given to that position, the Gewandhaus orchestra, and finally the Conservatory, with Mendelssohn as its head, and the brilliant assemblage of instructors under him, to say nothing of the opera which even in Wagner's boyhood was one of the best in Germany-all these have given Leipsic more musical enjoyments and probably better ones than any other single German city in the past could offer. The result of all this has been a curious self-satisfied spirit in the town; a reputation for "culture" and a pride in its reputation that bear a marked resemblance to similar traits in a distinguished New-England city. There are, in fact, many points in which Leipsie might be called the modern Athens" of Germany. The letters of Mendelssohn, written in the midst of the negotiations that ultimately brought him to Leipsic, give many amusing glimpses of the immaculate town. Never was there anything equal to the culture of these Leipsicers." Everybody went to the Gewandbaus concerts, precisely as they do now, which s very much like a similar institution in the American Athens, where attendance is also ob ligatory upon the elect; they went into weekly ecstasies over them, and could pass exhaustive riticisms upon everything that was played there. When to all the rest the Conservatory was added, bringing there permanently Mendelssohn, Schumann, Moscheles, David, Hauptmann, Richter and the others, there was no reason why Leipsic was not the real hub of the musical universe. The self-satisfaction of the Leipsicers reached its high-

water mark. There it has remained; but to those who visit the place nowadays with the appreciation of what is being done in music elsewhere, in Germany and out, and how it is being done, there appears much about Leipsie that is not inspiring. In fact, if there is not exactly decadence indicated in what one sees and hears here, there is at least a notable failure to keep up with the modern movement in music. One may well doubt whether Beethoven would go into the same ecstasies over Leipsic's musical activity now, that he did to Rochlitz in 1822, when he thought a mere reading of the list of what they played there was a delightful and absorbing occupation.

The Gewandhaus institution is responsible for most of this rigid conservatism in the musical city. It so absorbs and appropriates the entire aesthetic life of the place that its character dominates all that goes on in this sphere in Leipsie. With a permanent orchestra of seventy or eighty admirable performers, one of the finest buildings in the world devoted solely to concert purposes, and the support of an old and aristocratic society that is upon almost as firm a basis as the Government itself, the Gewandhaus is doing little else but treading over and over again the paths of fifty and sixty years ago. Reinecke, for thirty years as the head of it and also of the Conservatory, thus stands in a double capacity as Mendelssohn's successor, and appears bound not to see beyond the mental horizon that circumscribed the musical world of those days. He knows not gerous country, the fair domain of modern thought in musical art, either as to creation or as to interpretation. The works of the modern schools, or of any school outside of Germany, are rare and apparently unwelcome intruders into Gewandhaus programmes, and even they come there, for the most part, as a necessary evil attending the appearance of some great soloist.

The music flows under Reinecke's baton as Wagner said it did under Mendelssohn's, like the water from a town pump. The Gewandhaus orchestra plays with an abundant facility and fluency, and Herr Reinecke pays a certain amount of attention to the more obvious of the composer's expressed wishes. But that same indifference to emotional and intellectual content characterizes his conducting that characterized Mendelssohn's; Wagner speaks with feeling of the difficulty he had in eradicating the traces of the latter from the London Philharmonic orchestra, which he conducted fifteen years after Mendelssohn's death. Of fire and passion and "Schwung," of elasticity and freedom of tempo, even of such technical matters as fine phrasing and decisive and accurate attack, one hears hears nothing at all in the Gewandhaus orchestra. It is rarely lucid, rarely sympathetic in its tone quality, and apparently never can reach a true pianissimo. The grandnotherly face of Reinecke -" Herr Professor Kapelimeister Doctor Reinecke," as he is upon the Gewandhaus programmes-beams upon the half-dozen aged directors of the society, sitting among the entire wealth and fashion of Leipsic in their unpurchasable scats, each a prized family heirloom, and all are convinced that such music and such culture never existed outside of favored

Leipsic. Fortunately the Gewandhaus influence is not quite all-prevading in Leipsic; and to the man shortly to be added to the ranks of American conductors is due much of the credit that it is not. The City Opera House has been liberally managed; under Mr. Nikisch's leadership it shows most of the musical qualities that the Gewandhaus fails in. The Lisztverein cares, so far as its limited resources allow, for the various interests of modern musical activity outside of opera. In this Nikisch has played a dominating part. is a man of strong personality, and it haves the stamp of virile and vigorous musicianship upon whatever he undertakes. It is safe to say that the only really strong orchestral performances Leipsic has had for many years have been under his direction.

There is no doubt that Mr. Nikisch will make notable addition to the ranks of conductors in America; and, though Americans who are here for purposes of study or of pleasure will miss one of the strongest figures in Leipsic, they will console themselves with the thought that it is their countrymen's gain, and a loss which they themselves can easily repair by going home.

THE WESTERN STYLE OF COURTSHIP.

From The Chicago News.

Ladies of Boston who come in contact for the first time with the wild Western species of courtship must be immeasurably astruished by it. Yet when they do meet with this uncouth occidental institution, they seem to like it pretty weil. Look, for insance, at the Boston widow who became acquainted with an Arkansas man in St. Louis the other day. They had never seen each other before, but this circumstance was looked upon by the ardent lover as a mere technicality which could not be permitted to delay proceedings in the court of love. So he proposed to the widow on sight, t.d., though she hesitated in her answer for the agonizing space of one minute, he succeeded in marrying her in less than an hour from the time of their first meeting.

ART NEWS AND COMMENTS.

THE WEEK IN ART CIRCLES. SALES OF WATER COLORS-NOTES ON PAINT

INGS. MINIATURES AND PRINTS. first week of the water-color exhibit Academy has been successful as regard sales in spite of the loss of two days. It is probable that the "costume reception" really helped the sales, although it might be difficult to establish a direct connection. But there have been abundant proofs of a substantial interest in water-colors, and the amount of the sales is now nearly \$12,000. The attempt to make more of painter etchings in the Etching Club exhibition has met with an encouraging reception, and the sales are said to be unusually large.

Among the pictures sold in the course of the past week are the following: "Wild Pastures," Fidelia Bridges, \$75; "Solomon's Temple, Grand Canon of the Colorado," Samuel Colman, \$600; "The Close of Day." Henry Farrer, \$50; "An Old Salt," L. C. Earle, \$100; Lady Bo-Peep," F. S. Church, \$350; "The Shores of Bude," W. T. Richards, \$800; "An Autumn Morning, Bruce Crane, \$100; "Evening at Lydd," H. W. Ranger, \$125; "Wintry Woods," C. W. Eaton, \$70; "A Coast Village," C. A. Platt, \$300; "Winter Evening," Carle ton Wiggins, \$50; "Spring Morning," De Lancey W Gill, \$50; "Dancing Girl," J. L. G. Ferris, \$225; "Aut.mn," J. F. Murphy, \$75; "Work," Newton A. Wells, \$150; "Ever Thine," J. A. McDougall, \$350; "Old Clovelly Shipper," Walter Satterlee, \$75; "An Afternoon Call," J. L. G. Ferris, \$200; "Clouds and Shadows," C. H. Eaton, \$50; "Expectancy," Jones, \$100; "A Yellow Twilight." Julian Rix, \$125; "On Far Rockaway Beach," A. T. Bricher, \$175 "Near the Lighthouse," W. J. Whittemore, \$75; "A Game of Chess," J. L. G. Ferris, \$150; "Forgotten Labor," B. W. Clinedinst, \$60; "Springtime," W. C. Fitler, \$80; "The Autumn Woods," Henry Farrer, \$225; "Winter Afternoon," W. S. Macy, \$60; "An Interesting Story," Leon Moran, \$100, and "Dartmoor," S. P. R. Triscott, 8125.

Miniature painting has seemed in danger oming a lost art, but the exhibition of Mr. Gerald Hayward's work at the Avery Gallery is a reminder that a few practitioners are still at work the death of Mr. Shumway five years ago, it been difficult to name any American artist who has earned a special reputation as a miniature painter although something has been done here, in Phila-delphia, and in Boston. In Newport, also, the memory of Malbone has helped to inspire occasional interest in the art. But it is a countryman of Cosway who has done the most of late to illustrat miniature painting here and in Boston, although even in England the famous school which Cosway represented has left few descendants. Mr. Hay ward exhibits some seventy miniatures painted by himself, with a few examples of the old schools One, a portrait of Leonardo, has been ascribed to Cosway, but the owner himself speaks with commendable reserve. There is a charming face peeping from beneath a broad hat, which was painted Samuel Shelley, and another portrait was painted by Pettito. Mr. Hayward's own work includes por traits of many people who are prominent in social life of this city, Brooklyn, and Boston, together with several portraits of children. It is impossible to dwell upon these examples of a charming art, an art representing the refinement and delicacy which we like to associate with the "old school" of gentlefolk. But it may be said that Mr. Hayward appears to have fulfilled many different requirements in a manner satisfactory to his sitters, and his likenesses seem well-considered, carefully executed and exact. Possibly there is something of the photographic exactness and hardness here and there, and the coloring is occasionally forced. The purplish tinge to be seen in certain grays is clearly no advantage, but fault-finding is a thankless judgment and delicacy in execution. This is the first exhibition of miniatures which we have had for a long time, and those who care for this delightful, old-fashioned art will be interested in the present

The paintings collected by E. H. Capen and W. L. Warren will be placed upon exhibition at the American give it back to me," I said, "than keep it on an un-president of Tufts College, has collected examples of modern French art varying in their importance, but described as usually of fine quality, even though some of the number are only sketches and studies. The combined collections contain seven examples of Daubigny, four of Decamps, four of Millet, seven of Roussea seven of Corot, six of Troyon and two of Gericault. At the same time there is to be an exhibition and sale of Chinese porcelains, described as brought to tals country by two mandarins of Tientsin who are dealers. These gentlemen rejoice in the names of Wong Shih Yning and Yang Yon Dock. Their collection contains over a thousand examples of solid colors, bleu de nankin and other varieties.

The large painting by Werner Schuch which is exhibited at the Schaus Gallery illustrates a scene in the Thirty Years War. Without referring to the explanations it is apparent that the picture tells the story of free and easy soldiers upon the march. The abandoned fields, ruined monastery in the distance and dull gray sky suggest the gloom of war, but the soldiers themselves represent another phase. One trooper rid ing ahead turns in his saddle as he raises a flagon to pledge the vivandlere in the sutler's wagon just behind. Beside the wagon marches a grizzled veteran, pipe in mouth, indifferent to the contest near at hand, the effort to force forward a stubborn donkey bearing a woman who threatens the brute with raised fist. A little girl weeps at her side. The musicians, laughing at the spectacle, follow behind the cart, and after them, relieved against the horizon, ride the two commanders, the fair-haired Halberstadt in blue, Mannsfeld in full armor. The standard-bearer and soldiers mounted or on foot follow along the road. All this is set forth with the thoroughness and fidelity of Ger-man academic art, and the painting is an excellent example of a certain historical manner and also of a style of subject involving recognition of the familiar treatment favored of late years. Some attempt at strong action and positive color is to be seen in the painting of the horses in the foreground, but of purely pictorial quality there is little to be said. The subject is supposed to have been found in the second expedition of Mannsfeld and Halberstadt. As early as 1622 these two leaders had ravaged Mayence, Alsatia and Westphalia, and in 1625 they overran the archotshopric of

The "Poor Association," of Baltimore, is authorized to say that the galleries of Mr. W. T. Walters, No. 5 Mount Vernon Place, Baltimore, will be open to the public every Wednesday, from February 1 to May 1, every Saturday in April, February 22, and Easter Monday. Nearly all American amateurs have some knowledge of these distinguished collections of paintings and Oriental art, and the opportunity presented by Mr. Walters's generous interest in a worthy cause ill, doubtless, be generally appreciated. The opening of these galleries has become an important feature of the year's art. The Baltimore American publishes an account of the opening on Wednesday, when James Russell Lowell and Reverdy Johnson were among the visitors. The new paintings mentioned are Dela-eroix's "Lion and Serpent," and Zamacols's "Walting in the Church Porch," both water colors, with Ziem's large "Venice Sunset" and water colors by George H. Boughton. In the great porcelain gallery many changes are noted. Just before the opening Mr. Walters received two etched portraits of himself by Rajin, finished only three days before the etcher's death.

An exhibition of painter-etckers has been opened in Paris at the galleries of Durand Ruel, and the "Jour-nal des Arts" pronounces the exhibition a brilliant success. No reproductive work has been admitted. Each artist has arranged his work "like a collection in a studio corner, disposed at the fancy of the artist as for his friends and dilettanti. We assist at the seen each other before, but this circumstance was looked upon by the ardent lover as a mere technicality which could not be permitted to delay proceedings in the court of love. So he proposed to the widow on sight, tord, though she hesitated in her answer for the agontkler space of one minute, he succeeded in marrying her in less than an hour from the time of their first meeting.

The superfluous female population of Boston is respectfully invited to study this fine example of love's light-heeled gallop in the glorious air of the untrammeled West. The moody lovers of the East, who wear spectacles from the cradle and who never marry except in moments of forgetfulness are no match for the

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CALLING ON THE EDITOR.

THE TRAVELS OF A NOVICE IN QUEST OF A PUBLISHER. To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The search for the North Pole has its difficulties. Bondsmen are often hard to find. Stanley's whereabouts are not positively discovered. Our friend Japhet, searching for his father, undoubt-edly was sorely let and hindered. But all these are like being carried to the skies on flowery beds of

ease compared with a scarch for a publisher.

One morning I awoke with the consciousness that
I should be up and doing in order to gather a few I should be up and doing in order to gather a few sheltels to grease the wheels of my conveyance. My evil genius, in punishment for many misfeeds, suggested that I try literary work, and ignorance being perfect bilss with me, I followed his advice. I wrote a little article on a prominent man, whom I knew well, and gave it to my cousin to take downtown with a venture of his own in the same line. They were belt with a hig rewarance, and for these weeks were left with a big newspaper, and for three weeks I waited patiently for news. Then, armed with the courage of despair, I resolved to seek the Great Unknown. Arrived at the editor's room, I saw a bell knob, and rang. When the door opened and an urchin appeared, I nervously blurted out "The editor!" "Your card!" demanded the youth. Now I had not intended to make calls, so I had none with me, but I meekly gave my name instead. Which one do you want?" This was awful. I stammered: "Oh, any of him!" for I had only pre-pared myself to deal with one. The youth hied himself away, and I sat down on a chair without a seat and struggled to gain composure, wondering if a dozen or two editors would come out and ask me which I wanted.

A lady who has written for twenty years told me she was only fourteen when she started out to dispose of her first story, and four hig brothers had done their best to frighten her by horrid tales and frequent mention of the black and grinning youth they call the devil. However, she persevered, and went up to the rooms of the little village weekly. She rapped softly, and when a young man with long and lanky locks opened the door, she could only gasp out, "Are you the devil?"

My break was not nearly so bad, so I rehearsed my little speech while waiting. At last The Editor was announced and I rose and stammered, "You have had a little article of mine for three weeks, and I am very anxious to know if it is accepted." "What was your article on !" I gave the title and he left me. This Editor was simply like the other men I had met in everyday life and I grew at my case. He returned ith the MS. in his hand and told me he thought they would use it. "I would so much rather you would will see all this in either next Sunday's issue or the Sunday following." I thanked him and mustered courage to inquire if he would read a story if I seri it to the paper. "Why, certainly. We always read everything sent us as a matter of duty." If that was sarcasm I did not recognize it, as I was in a grateful mind; but later I have wondered if it were not absurd on its face for any reasonable person to believe.

Another article which I had with me this editor suggested I take to another paper which he named. This place was harder to get into. There was nothing but a long narrow hall with a flight of stairs and a hand pointing to the further end. At the end I dis-cerned the elevator. "Editorial rooms," I said to the man. We went up till the roof stopped us and I was told to " walk to the end of the hall, turn to the south-southwest, up a flight of stairs, turn to the north-northeast, go down three steps, up four, up another flight of stairs, turn to the left, and go to the further end of the hall." I followed instructions, wondering if the Signal Service had a tower on the building. At the last step I found myself in a large room opening into several small ones. An elderly gentleman half rose to greet me. I fancy he was annoyed that a woman could have found him out without special instruction. I commenced, "Mr. Dash, of 'The Sackbut,' thought you might use this child's story." "I think you must want Mr. Blank, in the next room," he said. Now, to my ignorant eyes there were three Mr. Blanks in that room, so I stood in the doorway sizing them up, and chose the wrong man, to whom I handed my story. After a careless glance, he murmured, "This is for you, Mr. Blank." Mr. Blank looked it over and said, "If we do not use it we will return it." "I can call for it to-morrow and save you the trouble," meekly said I. need not trouble yourself, madam; your address is here." So he took up his pen and I considered myself dismissed. That night I sent a dime's worth of stamps for postage and at intervals of three weeks a note, but never bave I heard from my story. As I stepped from the building into the street I

the noble army of the condemned carrying their crosses in the shape of rejected manuscripts. Having yet another MS. I concluded to take it to another newspaper, so I walked into that office and demanded the editor. "Three doors to the right and around the corner, across the street, and up two flights of stairs." Really, I thought, it certainly cannot be divinity that doth hedge around the various editors, but most assuredly they are mighty well secured from assault by unknown persons. However, I plodded three doors, etc., and knocked on a door with "Editor" on it. No response. I gently turned the knob and encountered the gaze of two young men in their shirt sleeves. "I have a story which I would like to know if you can use." "The editor is in the next room." Accordingly into the next room went I. Here was another man, not so young, but with both coat and waistcoat off. "I have an article here which I would like to know if you can use." "The editor is in the next room." I continued my journey, and on entering the third room saw a still older man still more undressed, with neither coat, nor waistcoat, nor on entering the third room saw a still older has more undressed, with neither coat, nor waistcoat, nor white shirt on. I mentally said, "If this is not the right one, I won't dare to go any further." But this was the man at last, and I said my little say, adding that I would return to-morrow for an answer. "You need not take that trouble, madam. I will return that as I left the rooms it if necessary." I began to think as I left the rooms it if necessary. I began to think as I left the rooms that as this chief, also, had been in haste to decline that as this chief, also, had been in haste to decline even angels feared to tread, and resolved to trust the even angels feared to tread, and resolved to trust the mails thereafter. Still these gentlemen were not these may be thought the mails thereafter. Still these gentlemen were not these awful beings who storm and swear as the montendary being authors of poetry and prose, as the newspapers ing authors of poetry and prose, as the newspapers sorry for them. It appears to me that an editor is sorry for them. It appears to me that an editor is a sort of pillar of rubber, or cork, or some other elastic and unwearing material, reised in a public place as a target for the nob to pelt with missiles, hard or as a target for the nob to pelt with missiles, hard or soft, as the case may be. No matter how hard they soft, as the case may be. No matter how hard they soft, the impression is but momentary and fades, Brooklyn, Feb. 0, 1889.

M. W. W.

At a recent meeting of the New-York Microscopical Society a doctor exhibited an "echinoderm" which he claimed to be 100,000,000 years old. It is supposed that when the doctor dug the what-you-call it out of chaos, he found its name and date of birth engaged on its shall "(Norristown Herald.